OUR HIDDEN WEALTH

Some Figures on the Mineral Resources of the United States.

THE USE OF COAL DUST FOR FUEL.

A Good Plan for the Encouragement of Inventors.

POISONOUS DRUGS USED IN LIQUORS



port concerning the mineral resources of the United States, prepared and published by the United States Geological Survey, gives the returns concerning mining and quarrying indus-

tries of this country. It is evident from this report that the development of the underground wealth of the United States is advancing in a very rapid manner, the grand total of values in the last four years showing a marvelously rapid gain. Thus, in 1884 the total values, neglecting fluctuations, were \$413,000,000; in 1885, \$428,-000,000; in 1886, \$465,000,000; in 1887, \$542,000,000. Nor is the advance limited in relation to a few of our products. Pig iron, silver, lead, quicksilver, gold, building stone, and the greater part of the other products to the total number of 47, show a similar advance in the value of their

The production of gold, however, appears to be in an unstable condition. In 1884 it amounted, in round numbers, to \$30,000,000; in 1885, to \$31,000,000; in 1886, \$35,000,000, while in 1887 it fell off to \$33,000,000. There are reasons to fear that the next year will show a more considerable decrease. The value of petroleum, as well as the total quantity produced, seems also to be in an unsatisfactory condition. Thus, in 1886 the value was about \$20,000,000, while in 1887 it fell off to below \$19,000,000, though the quantity produced exhibits a considerable increase. Natural gas, which in 1882 was valued at only \$215,000, in 1886 at about \$10,000,000, in 1887 rises to \$16,000,000, being estimated at only \$2,000,000 less than the value of petroleum

COAL DUST FUEL.

It appears from a recent number of Science that a very promising effort is now making toward the long-desired end of burning coal in a pulverized form. The present method of burning our fuels of every description is extremely wasteful. A considerable part of the carbon remains in the ash. If the combustion is forced as it is in the locomotive, another large portion escapes in the form of cinders through the chimney. It has long been a question with inventors to secure some means whereby the fuel can be burned in the form of a fine dust, so that each particle would be surrounded by the oxygen necessary for its complete combustion. It is impossible to give in this place the details of this process, but the most important point is gained by means of the modern method of pulverizing known as the cyclone system, which, in a very simple way, secures the division of the fuel into the finest dust. The system is very simple. Within a closed vessel there are two fans, shaped like the screw propeller of a vessel. These revolve near each other but in opposite directions, and with high velocity. The result is very powerful; opposing currents of air are generated, which drive the par-ticles of coal against each other, and rub them into a fine powder. This dust is then fed into the fire box in such a manner that it becomes intimately mixed with the air, which is only admitted in sufficient quanti-

ties to secure complete combustion. This limitation in the amount of air is an admirable feature in the invention, for it avoids the strong draft, which, as is well known, bears most of the heat up the chimber of the heat up the chimber of the strong draft, which as is well be given to the friends of the company about the 1st of April. It is asserted by an apparently critical and disinterested observer that the sav-ing in the burning of fuel on this system may amount to as much as 75 per cent of the fuel consumed, and may, in certain cases, if used, spare a yet greater amount of waste. In old-fashioned steam engines, such as were in use in the middle of this century, it required about 10 pounds of coal develop one horse power of energy. In the modern system of condensing engines, using steam entensively, a horse power is generated with less than two pounds per hour. If now this new Macauly process of burning pulverized fuel may be made really available we may hope to bring the expenditure of coal down to about one half a pound per hour. In this case we shall have won a great economic victory, perhaps the most precious of all such gains made in the time of our generation, for we shall have reduced the cost of fuel in the generation of power to about one-fourth of

SAVING COAL. It is impossible to see the vast advantages which may accrue to the public from such a change in the basis of our power engines. While the immediate effect may be to enhance the profits of capitalists, and we may hope also to the inventors, the remote effects- indeed, not very remote-will be to cheapen the cost of all our conditions of life which depend upon the expenditure of energy. Moreover, it bids fair to diminish the curse of smoke, which now menaces the greater part of the manufacturing cities in world, an evil which bears not only on the continuity of life, but seriously affects the physical condition of the population. Furthermore, it will spare our seriously taxed coal beds. Such a series of inventions may prolong the duration of our coal fields, and enable us to look to them for 1,000 years as a sourse of power, while otherwise, in the existing increase of our drafts upon them, they bid fair in good part to disappear within 200 years.

In a recent communication to the Paris

Academy of Medicine, Dr. Laborbe has treated of the toxic effects of alcohol. He

states that the diseases produced by such stimulants amounted to at least one-fourth of all the maladies which occur among the French. He finds, moreover, that a part of the substances used to give flavor and perfume to alcoholic liquors are, appar-ently, deadly to dogs and other animals on which he has tried his experiments. The number of these substances so used in the compounding of liquors is very great, and as they nearly all appear to be of a highly poisonous nature, it seems reasonable to con-clude that a great many forms of a stimulant beside absinthe are extremely deleterious.

Dr. Fodor has recently been making some interesting experiments as to the effect which the blood has on the destruction of poisonous micro-organisms which find their way into it. A summary of his paper occurs in a recent humber of the Medical Record. From this we extract the following points: He has shown that even where we inject hundreds of millions of non-poisonous bac teria into the blood they completely disappear in a few hours. Thus the bacilli which are supposed to produce typhoid disappear in a short time. In certain cases, however the germinating elements of these bacilli survive the action of the blood, implanted In the organs, and thus produce the disease. These researches make it seem not improbable that the blood itself, far from being as our ancestors deem it the agent of disease in contagious maladies, really operates toward the purification of the body, and that it is only from the incompleteness of its task that the disorders take place.

ENCOURAGING INVENTORS. In a recent number of the Engineering and Mining Journal there is a brief editorial concerning "the encouragement of in-vention among workmen." The writer notes the recent introduction by Mr. J. C. Bailes, of the Spiral Weld Tube Company, of a plan to encourage his men in contriving inventions which may pertain to the muchinery they use, or to the occupations which they follow. It appears that this

system was first devised by the Carron Iron Company of Scotland, though to Mr. Bailes belongs the distinguished credit of introduc-

and the plan into this country.

According to the project of the Carron Company, the workman receives not less than \$5 nor more than \$50 for his invention, the company acquiring the right to use the improvement in their own works. If the invention is of sufficient importance to be invention is of sufficient importance to be patiented, the company agrees to pay either a sum of money or a royality to the inventor, the amount to be determined by mutual agreement. In case the workman receives five rewards and does not obtain in all as much as \$50, he is given a gratuity of \$25 in addition to what he has obtained, and so with each increment in the number of his inventions he receives added gratuities. inventions, he receives added gratuities Furthermore, the company offer to afford guidance, such as the laboring man of in-genious mind often needs, for the furtherance of his projects. The plan was essayed in February, 1886. In ten months there-

after 18 projects were submitted to the com-pany, of which five were deemed valuable and were paid for.

Although the rewards proposed by the Carron Company appear entirely insignificant as regards the money value which they.

work. For some time past there have been rumors of an existant soldiers' organization, with which neither the Union Veteran Legion nor the Grand Army of the Republic, has sympathetic and co-operative relation be-tween the workman and the capitalist who pays him. It cannot fail to enhance greatly the quality of work done by mechanicians, for the reason that it not only introduces the element of thought into his duty, which is apt to become of a routine sort, but it gives a hopefulness to tasks which can be afforded

in no other manner.

The project is furthermore encouraging for the reason that, if successfully carried out, there seems reason to expect that our great manufacturing establishments may become schools of invention. The next step, naturally, will be to instruct the men who have some capacity for invention in the principles of mechanics and in the history of their several arts, so that they may have the foundation of sound knowledge on which to base their subsequent progress. In fact, the project bids fair to change the temper of our manufacturing establishments, and to lift the work, and the workmen as well, to a higher plane. PROF. N. S. SHALER.

AROUND THE GUARD LINES.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM ANGLOCK denies the report that he is about to tender his resigna-

LIEUTENANT O. H. ELLIOTT, Company H, Eighteenth Regiment, has tendered his resig-

THE concert given by Battery "B" last Fri day night in the Soho school house was a suc-

CAPTAIN JAMES H. MURDOCK, of the Second Brigade staff, held an election for Second Lieu-tenant in Company I, of McKeesport, last night. The candidates were Sergeants Lauer Cavalry, preside at these catherings of

THE report that Dr. J. W. Boisel, of Sharps, burg, would be a candidate for the captaincy of Company D is a mistake. He has decided to withdraw from the race on account of it inter-fering with his private business. THE warrants for armory rents of the various

ocal companis were received in the city during the week. Several captains wear happy smiles in consequence, but they don't hold a candle to the smiles worn by their respective landlords. A MAINE paper says that the Governor of that State "has chosen a staff that for beauty,

bearing, terpsichorean ability and anxiety for the field of battle, will compare favorably with any military staff selected in the past by a Maine Governor." GOVERNOR BEAVER was in the city last Frilay. He states that the Guard will positively go to New York in April next, but that some of the country regiments may decime on account of the expense and the trip following so close on the Washington excursion.

THE Washington Infantry had an extra large attendance last meeting night, but expect to have 50 men in line Tuesday night. The Washies are booming things under the new set of non-coms. Captain Shannon has been on the sick list for the past few days suffering from a severe cold.

COMPANY I, of McKeesport, will shortly move its quarters into the Rink building, which has been leased for a number of years. The

THE Board of Control of the Eighteenth Regiment held a meeting last night at the headuarters of the regiment, Fifth avenue. The ield and staff officers afterward met and disussed some prospective changes and additions to be made shortly. A number of new and useful supplements to the uniform will be brought out before the Washington trip.

BATTERY B will ship its guns and other equipments to Washington about the 27th this month that there may be no delays after the arrival of the men. The members will leave here on Saturday night, March 2, as will also both the Fourteenth and Eighteenth Reg-iments. This gives the men Sanday and Sun-day night to rest after the trip and take in the

CAPTAINS of local companies have no trouble about recruits at present, as many of them could almost raise regiments if necessary, owing the approaching visits of the militia to Washington and New York. As a rule, the companies will not average more than 50 muskets each, as that number is easiest handled. Captains who recruit any men at present should look well to the character of their enlistments, that there may be no cause for a repetition of to the anxiety of many young men to take in that there may be no cause for a repetition of

MR. BAILEY, the gentleman selected by the Board of Trustees for the new armory of the Eighteenth Regiment to attend to the financial portion of the enterprise, reports that the gen portion of the enterprise, reports that the gen-eral feeling among business men is very favor-able indeed, and it is expected but little trouble will be experienced in raising the required amount. Regiments in Philadelphia and even in as small a town as Scranton, have been placed in beautiful armories by the people, why can't Pittsburg do the same? The Nation-th County is recognized as having nassed its al Guard is recognized as having passed it "rlay soldier" days, and should be given both respect and encouragement.

THE new stand of colors which were received during the week by the Eighteenth from Harrisburg, consist of a regimental flag and two markers. The former is of a new pattern, being a combination of the national colors, with th State coat-of-arms, surrounded by stars. The name Eighteenth Regiment, N. G. P., is inscribed in gold letters on one of the stripes, the markers having the figures "18" worked in the center. As a whole, they are very pretty, but Colonel Smith will see that the old colors so long carried by the regiment and which at-tract so much attention when out, will be given just as prominent a position as before The old rags have a history which the boys are proud of, and will always be a part and parce of the regiment.

HOW TO ENJOY A SMOKE.

Tobaccoulst Explains the Proper Method

of Lighting a Cigar. "You'll never find out whether that cigar ou're smoking is bad or good," remarked a tobacconist to a customer, "unless you light it better. See, it is burning on one side, and half the wrapper isn't lighted at all. The cigar is good, and will burn evenly if you give it a chance. Take this lighter and try again. There, you have it now. If you want to enjoy a smoke be sure you have the

cigar properly lighted before you begin."
"What is the reason a cigar doesn't taste
well when it burns unevenly?"
"The best tobacco—that which gives flavor to the eigar-is the outside wrapper. The next wrapper is of a poorer grade and the filling the cheapest of all. All should be burned together. If the inside is consumed while the wrappers remain intact or only partially charred, a Havanna won't tast any better than a toby. A poor cigar, well lighted, affords a better smoke than the very finest one unevenly burned. Any experienced smoker will tell you this, but a care less one will never know whether his cigars are good or bad."

MRS. J. M. GUSKY'S generous gift of coal to deserving poor families of Pittsburg and Allegheny, which, by the by, is the fourth annual distribution, comme morrow. Twelve thousand bushels, in loads of 25 bushels each, will be given away. By the end of the week nearly 500 families will have cause to thank the donor for such opportune liberality and thoughtfulness.

LIVER complaint cured free at 1102 Car-

AN ORGANIZED ARM

Of Old Soldiers to Work Effectively for the Needy Veterans.

AND TO TAKE A HAND IN POLITICS.

They Mean Business, as Dr. Seip, Their Representative, Explains. NO HALFWAY OR DODGING SCHEMES

The community will be surprised to learn to what a thorough extent the Union veterans of this vicinity have organized-with Sergeants in every section of the great cities, and everything in shape for effective work. For some time past there have been afford to the inventor, the experiment is one of the utmost interest to manufacturers, for not only scans the record of applicants, but the reason that it is a well-taken step in the right direction. It promises to insure a lall who enter distinctly know that the members will take a hand in politics. Meetings bers will take a hand in politics. Meetings were held in the Old City Hall, in the Grand Central Rink and other places, where

exchanges of opinion took place and organi-

zation was apparently made to benefit,

through legislation, the old soldier.

Who called these meetings? This question has been asked hundreds of times by men who attended them. They came and met their old friends whom they had before met in the Army of the Potomac, met while fighting inch by inch the bloody ground of Fredericksburg: met while crossing the Rappahannock; met at Gettysburg in the wheatfield and while repelling Pickett's charge; met in the saddle while sending J. E. B. Stuart back discomfited. The meeting was far pleasanter in Pittsburg than it was on the other occasions mentioned, or in the West where the country celebrated the fall of Vicksburg in July, 1863, almost the same day in which the backbone of the Rebellion was broken at Gettysburg. But it is needless to | recall the places where they met and marched shoulder to shoulder, or rode hip to hip, they met again in Pittsburg, soldiers from Onio, Pennsylvania, New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kentucky, all over the country met, and the great question was who called the meetings? The result of these meetings, in the favorable consideration of bill No. 6 by the House, caused an inquiry to be made and a Cavalry, preside at these gatherings of soldiers, practised a little himself last night and made the doctor give up under the influences of the mustard Emetic generally administered. The first question asked

DETAILS IN AN INTERVIEW.

"Who called these meetings?"
"The meetings were called as the result of deliberations of a secret organization of soldiers known to those connected with it as the M. P. G.

"What is the M. P. G.?" "You are hurrying in this talk a little too much; but I can tell you in a general way what the M, P. G. is. So many calls were made upon the meager funds of the regular soldiers' organizations by men fully able to do work, and willing to do it in positions which were filled by able-bodied men who have grown up or been imported since the war, that we felt it absolutely necessary something should be done for those who defended the country. When it came to the point that a veteran had to get 2 cents from a brother soldier and pay that over to a postoffice employe who is a foreigner, to

both political parties that they seem to have forgotten the soldier. Under Arthur's administration five soldiers were dismissed from position right in this city. Even the present administration dismissed five old Union soldiers from office (in one instance appointing a rebel in place), in direct violation of the statutes of the United States. but as no penalty was attached to the statute it was practically inoperative. These meet-ings were first called to obtain organized

sistance for indigent comrades. "What course do you intend to adopt?" "As we have some 60,000 soldier votes in the State of Pennsylvania we think that by those who made it possible for a Legisla-ture to exist in this Commonwealth, fighting on its own soil, we can assert and maintain the rights of the soldier to at least a moiety of the grand things promised him in the dark years of the rebellion and those immediately succeeding the surrender of Lee.

FOR INSTANCE.

the act passed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania and signed by Governor Beaver May 29, 1887, stating that State officials shall employ soldiers, where they are competent, was without a penalty and simply a piece of political buncombe "Is this movement national?"

As yet, no; but before many months the M. P. G.'s will have an abiding place in every election district. The old soldiers made it possible to live in this country, and while they were preparing to go to the front, and while they were there, no promise was too great to make, no pledge too strong, but after the war the politicians had forgotten all they said, and with them the 'old soldier was played out."
"The M. P. G.'s propose to prove to the

ontrary they don't want the earth, but they do want fair play, and if those who get into office imagine they can pull the strings and nake the old veterans dance, when they feel like it, they will find they are greatly mis-We propose honest legislati on, upright, fair dealing, and will do all that can be done to reform the many existing evils. Nearly every election district is repre and while the organization will not carry banners or tin horns, or openly make any demonstrations, the result at the polls will

THEY MEAN BUSINESS.

"If the bill becomes a law, what are you going to do?"
"We will merely live up to the law and

see that others do it. As things now are it seems to be a crime in the eyes of some for old soldiers to apply for office. This we want to remedy. "Then you are in favor of the o.d soldier exclusively?

"That is a question that I cannot answer without appearing selfish." "How many members have you in your

"That I can't tell you. Among the first members were some prominent business and professional men of both the Democratic and Republican parties and even several leading men of the Greenback party. I am not privileged to give any names, but our platform is broad and honorable. We are striving for honesty, purity and re-form in all political affairs and ask all hon-orably discharged soldiers to enter our ranks."

"Why do you organize outside the Grand

Army and Veteran Legion?"
"You know very well that the Grand Army and Veteran Legion do not permit political discussion, and in order to get the soldiers to thoroughly understand and unite them were organized the M. P. G., a secret organization for the purpose of advancing the interests of all old soldiers, without regard to their previous politics or color You see, when once we are fully organized and have, as stated before, nearly 60,000 soldiers in this State and about 900,000 in the United States, we have to believe that we will amount to something in the end.

CHOICE line of all-wool French challis. dark and light colorings, 50c per yard.
MWFSu HUGUS & HACKE.

NOTES ABOUT ART.

Unreliable Colors Used Extensively-A Duty Artists Owe to Their Patrons. The fact that artists' colors are of greatly varying degrees of permanency is one that is little known by picture dealers, and is only too often totally disregarded by artists. Certainly it would avail dealers very little indeed to possess a thorough knowledge of the respective merits of the various pigments but it is rather strange that an artist who is seeking to establish a reputation, and is painting not only for to-day or to-morrow but for
the future also will use colors which he knows
will vanish in few years time, or if they do not
disappear altogether will so change that the proper balance of his picture will inevitably be destroyed. That this is a common occurrence is well known to those who have had experience with paintings for an extended period of time, and the evil is one which it is difficult

destroyed. That this is a common occurrence is well known to those who have had experience with paintings for an extended period of time, and the evil is one which it is difficult to remedy; in fact it cannot be remedied except by the artists themselves, who should have too greata regard for their own reputation to use colors which are known to be fugitive. The trouble is that colors which are most pleasant to use and with which desirable effects are most easily produced, are often the least reliable. It is a great temptation for an artist who is laboring to produce some much sought for effects to know that certain unsafe colors would help him out of his present difficulty, and he is often very likely to lose sight of or disregard the fact that their use is fatal to the future of his work. Pictures are often spoken of as being keyed too high or too low, but what must be said of one that is not keyed at all. And this is the condition of one in which the colors used are not reliable; it may be properly balanced when just hished, but in all probability it never will be afterward, for the colors are sure to fade unequally and destroy its harmony and unity. One may easily imagine the result if supposing a certain that to be composed of the three elements, red, yellow and blue, as in fact all tints must be, and then as the blue fades the brighter becomes the orange tone; and then if the yellow fades first it leaves a harsh, disagreeable purple tone where perhaps formerly existed a delicate gray.

Many of what would be favorite colors with our best artists they are compelled to reject on account of their possessing this very undesirable quality. Yellows and blues are the most difficult to obtain in pigments which hay be relied upon to maintain their brilliancy, reds, browns and blacks being usually perfectly safe, as are also the dull, earthy yellows, such as the ochres and siennas. There are some greens which pleased him at the time, The effect of this carelessness might easily have been foresent his pictures have fa is a common heritage. youd the shining stars.

effort to give them what they pay for,

Scraps From the Studios. SATURDAY afternoon saw the close of what must be regarded as a very successful exhibi-tion of the Reichard collection of paintings. Additions were constantly being made to its numbers, even up to the latter days of its stay, and a great many of the pictures will remain in this city, having been purchased by well-known citizens. Up to Friday last works ag-gregating in value the sum of \$6,000 had been sold.

THE School of Design examination took place last Thursday, and the annual reception will be held on next Monday evening, when the friends of the students will be given an opportunity of postoffice employe who is a foreigner, to mail his official record to the Pension Office, we thought it was pretty tough on the men who wore the blue, and we took measures accordingly.

"There is no political partisanship in the matter; we wish to remind the leavers of both political parties that they seem to have forgotten the soldier. Under Arthur's address that the institution is making good progress in this most difficult branch of art. THE opportunities for obtaining a glimpse of

various classes of pictures have been greater in this city during the past few months than ever before. First the Hacke gallery was opened, then the Monks water color paintings were shown at Gillespie's, next came the excellent little collection of paintings belonging to Mr. Kurtz at Boyd's, and immediately following came the fine lot of works from Reichard, of New York, one of the best collections of its kind ever shown here, and lastly a great variety of water colors and etchings by different English, French and Italian artists, which arrived at Boyd's early in last week. various classes of pictures have been greater

Ir is often said that the United States does not afford as good a market for fine pictures as some of the countries of Europe, and, on the other hand, it has been repeatedly claimed that our people are particularly credulous, as to the merits and liberal as to their ideas of the value of paintings offered for sale as "old masters," Be this as it may, it is now rumored that the American Art Association will receive over American Association with receive over \$1,000,000 worth of pictures belonging to the Duke of Durcal, which are to be sold early in the spring. The collection numbers, among others, works by Murillo, Van Eyck, Rem-

brandt and Velasquez. MR. BRYAN WALL is keeping up with the times and painting frosty morning landscapes. The one which he has lately shown at Gilles-The one which he has lately shown at Gillespie's embodies some very good qualities, and at the same time some that are not so good, as an instance, the manner in which frost is indicated in certain portions of the foreground. The scene depicted is rather bare and desolate, but it has been handled so as to preserve a fair degree of interest. Upon a road which leads from the foreground into the distance Mr. Wall has indulged in his favorite method of giving life to a picture by the introduction of a flock of sheep, and these, together with the shepherd of sheep, and these, together with the shephe and his dog, really form the leading feature

THERE is, perhaps, no more striking exam ple of the value of art as applied to industries than the elaborate decorations which form the leading feature of nearly all recently con-structed railroad cars. The general public structed railroad cars. The general public will more treety patronize and will pay higher prices to a line which bears evidence of the exercise of artistic taste and judgment in all its appointments than to one where these features do not exist, and managers understand this regard for the beautiful and profit by it. Many persons feel that to try and make articles for ordinary service and utility beautiful as well as useful is rather a waste of labor, but wherever, art has entered largely into manufactures it has been found profitable from a commercial no less than from an esthetic standpoint. The fact that an article is of tasteful design often renders it immeasurably more valuable without adding to its actual cost.

Mr. C. Bersch may fairly be credited with

MR. C. BERSCH may fairly be credited with having introduced a new departure in portrait-ure, or at least to have adopted a style of execution that is new to this vicinity. He has on exhibition at Mayer's a portrait of a Baltimore lady which is handled in a manner that makes it interesting as a picture, aside from its value as a likeness. This work is painted with an unusually light background, which greatly enunusually light background, which greatly enhances the beauty and delicacy of the tints of the fiesh. A few simple folds of light, gauzy drapery are indicated, falling low over the shoulders and adorned in front with some flowers, which serve to heighten the color effect of the whole. The hair of this subject being very dark, contrasts strongly with the bright, clear tones of the balance of the picture, and this, along with the light, fanciful manner in which the whole work is handled, gives it the effect of an ideal study rather than a portrait. Painting fine flesh tints against a light background is not particularly easy to do, but when successfully accomplished it makes a very pleasing effect, as is evidenced by the work referred to.

Southside Brass Thieves.

Richard Foley, of Grapeville, was committed to jail in default of \$500 bail on a charge of stealing brass from Oliver Bros.

mill. In his examination by Magistrate
Brokaw yesterday he implicated James
Brooks, of Brooks Bros., junk dealers on
Seventh street, Southside. He was arrested.

A Holy Day.

Yesterday in the calendar of liturgical churches was the Feast of the Purification Bishop Whitehead, as is the custom, visited the Episcopal Church Home and conducted appropriate services. The children in the afternoon enjoyed the "Bishop's treat," which he provides.

THE IRISH MAIL CA

A Scene of Excitement Caused by Its Arrival at a Village Inn.

JOVIAL TIM, THE BOLD DRIVER.

The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Great Difficulties.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

OUGH IN AGH. IRE-LAND, January 21 .-In a tramp through wild and winsome Conemara the arrival of the "long-car" at relay stations, especially if it be at evening-time, furnishes an interest-

ing study and scene. Outside of births, marriages, deaths, funerals and evictions, it is the constantly resurring great event of the Irish hamlet. It orings and takes the mails. These are inested with reflexive majesty of government, and secure a sort of universal respect in any country. In Irish villages their portent and mystery command a ludierous though pathetic awe. Those sealed bags, and those great locked hampers, are freighted with unold possibilities. They bring messages of gladness or despair from those in far America to whom the very life of these waiting here are forged and welded; and from what they have brought, many a bursting heart has been forever lightened or stilled. The keen knowledge of these joys and agonies

The pouches and packages of plethoric mystery also contain "Her Majesty's" this, that and the other, which not infrequently affect the relations of human beings in whole communities. This bitter fact is also an universal consciousness. And those people the "long-car's" momentary delay rnishes a glimpse of, with what ultimate lands they are going to, or came from, are a constant source of simple conjecture and wonder. For the very next Irish county is to these poor souls an illimitably distant country: England is surely half way around the earth; while America—to which the "steerage" passage by sea is a measureless, though welcomed, purgatory of penitential preparation—is as the one fair Aiden be-

WAITING FOR THE MAIL. From a half hour before the arrival of the long-car the villagers begin to gather at the post-station, usually the inn. Along-side is the little postoffice. It is locked during nearly all the hours of the day save this; but now it seethes with excited hurry as the master and maid—for there are always both, one perspiring with importance, the other flaming with effort—worry over the handful of letters to be dispatched. The old, the halt, the lame and the blind come first. These, with rigid, pallid face, sad and universal impress upon Ireland's poor, pass in quiet toues the greetings they have thus exchanged for the half-century past. They range themselves along the way and wait; wait in a dumb sort of stupor that makes one's heart ache to see.

Across the way, under queer old thatched

gables, is all the picturesque paraphernalia of the post station, stable and yard. In huge of the post station, stable and yard. In huge iron frames, two or three century old lamps hang above the yard, their dim, saffrony light showing a dozen stablemen and emulative helpers grooming the shadowy-outlined relay. Up and down the street, at long and zig-zag intervals, faint lights with splintered glow reach into the evening them. oom. Here and there mysterious foo apparent urgency, are heard approaching from side-street, alley, by-way and court. Those who first came awaken somewhat from stupor. The hardier, next younge division of the village crowds around the old inn doors. Then there are the same greetings, even from those whom a wall and a door alone sepa-rate in their every hour's life, as if all had met here on some momentous mission Then all relapse into dumb silence, only broken here and there by the low minor chords of old women's voices, where faint shreds of light from the inn windows disclose groups in which three or four ancient cap frills tremble and dance in gossipy prox-imity. Soon a stir is created by the fussy littie landlord rushing from the fussy little inn, and after hanging the great lamp of the village in its antique receptacle, dis appearing with a slam, as if to say much for Her Most Gracious Majesty—and not for you cattle out there!" He has done this a thousand times before; but the dumb, patient ones all turn, just as they too have done a thousand times before, with a look that plainly answers: "Faith, an' a mighty deed it was, sor!"

THE BUGLE BLAST.

By this time the whole street between the inn and stableyard is filled with a strange and picturesque assemblage. Far up the winding road, a faint rumbling is heard 'Arrah, thim's her wheels a-singin' 'Faith, Tim's the bye on time, thin!' be praised for it's luck the day!"-as though the lives of all depended—and countless other fervent expressions rise in murmurous symphony. The post-horn's lively notes seem a quick and glad answer to this waiting welcome. Blast on blast pierces the night and rouses the sleepy echoes along the old walled way. Down the hollow, over the hill, down the hollow again, and then with thunderous clamor across the great arched bridge, comes the wondrous Irish long-car; and with it, come all the remaining villagers on a trantic run, but shrouded in dust from its spinning wheels.

With a rush, whoop and final terrific blast, the ungainly thing stops with a wrench and groan before the little. Its "well" is piled high with hampers and lug The very outlines of its humped gage. The very outlines of its humped, hooded, shivering passengers bespeak petu-lant impatience. A few growl and curse at the untimely detention. A score of stable-men, lads and loitering helpers grasp and plunge for the reins, lines and traces of the smoking horses, filling the air with kindly beseechings that they become passive; as though they were the most wild and impetu ous of coursers, instead of the spiritless jaded cattle they are. Every soul that acts or moves around the long-car or stables, instantly begins that aspirated, hoarse, half-gurgle and hiss, which universally in England and Ireland is the accompaniment to even any imagined attention to, or service about, the horse. With a rush the reeking car horses are driven and pushed to the stables. With another rush back comes a fresh relay. The bold driver has disappeared to "stretch the elbow o' his legs," and "shame the night air wid a dear of the light and "barner". the night air wid a drop o' poteen." Here and there the lights flame back the color o and there the lights hame back the color of a few "red-coats" mingling with the crowd. As if by accident, a half dozen of the tall and shapely constabulary have come very close to the passengers. Frequently one too snugly bundled to permit of satisfactory official scrutiny, is quietly asked to alight and re-arrange his rugs and wrappings.

THE BOLD DRIVER. The viilage mail has been borne to the car

and safely bestowed. Another great pouch flattened upon its trifling contents has been borne back in pompous state. The driver springs upon his box. A wicked twinkle of mock savagery lurks within his eyes. His of mock savagery lurks within his eyes. His entire merry, conciliatory demeanor has changed. He hurls blasting tannt and withering jibe upon the village and all its people. Two score of these, pretentiously holding the horses which wish to stay, glibly return his taunts and jibes. Into this increasing clamor, every imaginable Irish tone and tongue now merge, just as innumerable times before, rising shriller and higher as old and young are roused to the daily test of farewell Irish billingsgate. Seraggy arms protrude, mammoth fists are daily test of farewell Irish billingsgate. Scraggy arms protrude, mammoth fists are shaken, crutches flourish menacingly, until

you would imagine that all these erst kindly folk were transformed into a mob for vengeance. But at the beight of this bedlamitte uproar, with a merry blast and a flourish, the long car plunges out into the night, scores of ragged urchins scrambling and screeching beside it; and as the howling cavalcade rushes away into the darkness, the tones of these simple souls who remain suddenly change to purring praises of "Tim, the bould driver," and all; and with something like smiles upon their poor pinched visages, they disperse through the now darkened streets to their separate, ever-darker huts and homes. "The road from Oughterard through Conemara to Cliftoen by the sea stretches straight as an arrow and as white as chalk for many miles over blackened moor and bellying bog. Here and there may be seen a little hut, as soggy and dank as the bog itself- but naught else relieves the utter dreariness of the road, save the lofty mountains to the north and west. On the morning of my tramp these were lit up gloriously by the morning sun. Faint, filmy patches of mist from the sea swirled around and between these beights, and formed a myriad surpassing changes, as though some magic hand were lowering, lifting and winding gossamer veils of varying and resplendent color around their gray and gittering peaks. To the walker's iancy that far country behind fills with wondrous forms and seemings. But the eye again falls upon the dark, drear moor, the wretched huts and the road of blinding white.

POOR LITTLE URCHINS. STARVING, RAGGED LITTLE URCHINS

At a little distance it is filled with a bevy of diminutive objects, moving to the right and left as they approach, as though hesitant of meeting humankind. You sit upon a capacious milestone and await their coming. Shading your eyes and closely regarding them, you wonder if they are a pack of razged sheep, or exploiting, hunger-secourged goats. Patter, patter, patter, halting and running, on they came in zig-zag course. By the horns of the Nubian ibex, they are neither sheep nor goats! They are human beings. All are weazen-faced, little old women it seems; for they surely cannot be children, though their witch-like heads will not reach to your own waist. They draw nearer, the larger protectingly massed in front. You notice their irresolution or fear; and scarcely knowing what to say, you halloo loudly but kindly, "Come along, my dears, the road is all yours!" They flutter a bit with heads together, and then sidle along the extremest side of the road. When almost opposite, you halt them with an attempt at kindiy authority, and ask: "Where are you going, little girls?" A great din of childish cackle, pitched in a high key of mild reproach, surprise and merry squalor arises.

"We be'nt girls, sor. We's byes!" says the POOR LITTLE URCHINS.

"Where are you going, little giris?" A great din of childish cackle, pitched in a high key of mild reproach, surprise and merry squalor arises.

"We be'nt girls, sor. We's byes?" says the boldest of the bevy.

"Boys?"—you gasp. "Well, well, boys, come over here a moment."

They look at each other scared, snickering, hysterically. The older and bolder move forward a little, and in a twinkling they are all in a crescent-shaped half-circle before you, ready for savage defense or instant flight. In heaven's name, you wonder, where can another such woeful sight be seen? It is mid-winter; the earth is frozen; the winds are sharp and cutting; with your own glowing blood and health, and in the warmest clothing you shudder and chill when halting; but here are a dozen waifs in the image of God, more than half naked, bony, shriveled, white from want and hunger, bare-footed, bare-legged, half of them bare-armed and bare-headed, and, as their ragged books reveal, on their way to school from the mountains and bogs, dragging their scrawny, bloodless feet 20 miles a day for a faint, dim glimpse of the heaven there is in the school-room warmth and the schooloroom books. If you have a man's heart, their spectral presences will be hidden behind the mist in your own eyes; but as it clears away, their wild and extraordinary costumes startle you. Every one of these wretched creatures has no more than one thickness of cloth between himself and the winter day; and that one does not half cover him. It is the Conemara "napped" fiannel. The garment of each is no more than a sack, hanging from the shoulders to just above the knees, and reminding of the bags in which the little plantation blacks of the South were formerly clad. On one this will be worn into shreds throughout; another's is swathed like a half-crumbling mummy; another shows patches of starting variety held together by osier strands; another's is ripped and whipped and torn until his bloodless clay-like flesh shows in a score of places beneath; while every one is hollow-eyed,

You are a tramp there on the milestone, but a comfortable one. In your wallet is food. You call these specters of famine to you, divide among them all you have, and watch them tear at it like savage beasts. Oh, it is pitiful! Then you beguile a little heart and hope into them with simple words about the school, and call them the brave Irish lads they are; get them around you, and leaning on your knee, with your hands on their shoulders and heads, or holding their bony, icy fingers; and you tell them how they must study, as you did not; and them now they must study, as you did not; and not "mitch" (Irish for playing truant) as you did; and that sure, sure, in no far-off day they will come to good men's estate, able to "rise" their parents out of the huts and cabins into sweet and happy homes; not forgetting the practical Christianity of emphasizing palaver with pence; until right there in the middle of a Conemara bog a miracle will be preformed with pence; until right there in the middle of a Conemara bog a miracle will be performed before your very eyes. For ambitionless beasts have been transformed into emulative humans; and the gaunt faces, in which was no more soul than in dirty wax, has had blood and light put in them; and a shout of good cheer goes up where misery and hunger brooded.

You stand and watch the ragged flock until its white faces and rags have blended with the white of the wide ribbon-like way; and turn

its white faces and rags have blended with the white of the wide, ribbon-like way; and turn upon your tramp—to be confronted with a group of peasant women almost as meagerly clad as these their children, but still far more picturesque in their flannels of black, blue and red. One is armed with a long-handled turf spade. Another is discovered secreting an old wheel spoke underneath her doak. Another leans upon a questing nited without the construction of the cons leans upon a onetined pitchfork. Others have clubs and cudgels. And one tall, gaunt "Meg Mctrilles," like some savage type of old Time in petticoats, bears an enormous sickle. Your interest in the group blinds you for a moment to their threatening aspect. They have been authorsed by some swift, signals, from the buts. gathered by some swift signals from the huts along the bog, and have come prepared to see that you do not "thrife wid the childre;" but having discovered that your motives are friendly, no pen can describe their wise and vociferous attempts to hide their original purpose, or the cead mille failte (with a thousand welcomes) in which you are conveyed along the the cead mille failte (with a thousand welcomes) in which you are convoyed along the highway, and the hospitalities and embarrassing honors that are accorded you. In some wierd, secret way all this seems to be flashed along in advance of you, making your progress a veritable triumphal march; until a long reach of uninhabited and savagely wild country is passed, through which countiess outlandish incidents are experienced on the road alone, which, now winding over and up and on and over again, at last brings you to the threshold of the glorious Western Highlands.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Marion Harland. The celebrated authoress, so highly esteemed by the women of America, says on pages 108 and 445 of her popular work: "Eve's Daugh-ters; or, Common Sense for Maid, Wife and

ters; or Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother:"
"For the aching back—should it be slow in recovering its normal strength—an Allcock's Porous Plaster is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases, for perhaps a fortmight."

night."
For pain in the back wear an Allcock's Porous Plaster constantly, renewing as it wears off. This is an invaluable support when the weight on the small of the back becomes heavy

Save 20 per ct. on Watches and Diamonds Jas. McKee, jeweler, will remove April 1, to 420 Smithfield street, from his old No. 13 Fifth avenue. Clocks, jewelry, chains, charms, society emblems, etc., at cost to reduce stock. Call soon and secure rare bargains. PERSONS wishing portraits of any kind cannot make a mistake in giving their or-ders to B. L. H. Dabbs, the celebrated pho-

tographer. Mr. Dabbs has had great experience and his pictures will always be valued and kept for generations to come. Guns, revolvers, sporting goods at half price. Johnston, the gun man, will re-move about April 1st to No. 706 Bissel Block, and in the mean time is selling off all old stock at about half price at the old

What's the Matter With February 14th? Why it is St. Valentine's Day, and I almost forgot, I'll run up to L. Breuninger & Co., 535 Smithfield st., and purchase one, they have the largest assortment in the city 3,7,10,12

store, No. 621 Smithfield st.

AT 50c a yard we are showing some very attractive new spring dress goods.

MWFSU HUGUS & HACKE. FINE watches a specialty, low prices a certainty, at Hauch's, No. 295 Fifth avenue.

SEE the value and styles we are offering in spring dress goods at 18c per yard.

MWFSu HUGUS & HACKE.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

MORALS AND MANNERS.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

During a recent symposium of unbelief ome wise men of the East climbed into the belfry and rang the changes on the following assertions: "The Universe is simply a rushing together of atoms, and there is no Creator." "Immortality is absurd-man is dust." "What idealists call the soul is nothing but the vital principle, composed of Meat and air, which escapes from the body at death, and mingles again with its native element." So the world is accounted for,

and life and death are finally explained. Well, the Christian borrowing the Socratic method, modestly begs leave to ask a few questions: How came those atoms to rush together in such a way as to form the world, and be pervaded with marks of in-telligent design? Who ever heard of the different parts of a watch rushing together to form a watch? Or of the different parts of a

form a watch? Or of the different parts of a locomotive rushing together to form an engine? Or of the different parts of a house rushing together to form a meding? If there is no God, what does your moral nature mean? If immortality is a fable, why is the belief in it universal? If the Bible is the work of imposters, how were a huddle of ignorant fishermen able to produce a religion which, by common consent, surpasses all others? Come, you who are so gifted in explanation, account for the difference between Christendom and heathendom, between Europe and Asia, between America and Africa. Race does not explain it—the climate of Europe and America can be matched in Asia and Africa. Before Christianity took them in hand, Europe and America were as degraded and unprogressive as Afghanistan or Dahomy. A shrewd old Quaker once said to a savant who boasted that he would never believe in what he could not see: "Friend, did thee ever see thy brains?" "Why no," replied he, "of course not." "Well," continued the Quaker, "does thee think thee has any?"

A prominent physician of the city says that he was called in, the other day, to ex-tract a fish bone from a patient's throat. He worked faithfully for half an hour, but in worked faithfully for half an hour, but in vain. "Oh, Doctor," gasped the sufferer, "don't give up, I will give you \$10,000 if you will get that bone out." Again the physician went to work. Another half hour passed. Again he shook his head in despair. "Keep on, keep on," cried the patient, "I will give you \$20,000 if you will pull itout." Once more the physician fell to: and after many efforts he jerked forth the obstingte obstruction. "Great Scott!" exclaimed the man, relieved at last, "I would rather have given \$10 than had you fail to get that thing out."

It illustrates the different ways we have of viewing things in different circumstances. When one is in desperate peril he is lavish in his promises. "All that a man hath will be give for his life." But when the danger is passed, gratitude for deliverance suddenly evaporates. The exorbitant promises made in extremity are at once forgotten. It recalls the old couplet: "When the dard! was richt the deril and the contract of the deliverance of the cold couplet."

ild couplet:
'When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be. When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he,"
With such folks even the C.O. D. system will not avail. In dealing with them the rule should be, payment in advance.

In fishing the hook is baited with care, In fishing the hook is baited with care, according to the kind of fish you mean to catch—unless you are fishing for the gudgeon, which you take with the naked hook. So the devil when he angles for souls, baits his hook with consummate skill. He puts on pleasure to catch the lover of amusement; power, to decoy the ambitious; riches, to snare the avarielous; but when he comes to the profane swearer, he catches him with the naked hook; because, among the tempted, like the gudgeon among fishes, the profane swearer is a fool!

A little girl in Baltimore was asked by her teacher what use the interior of Africa is to the world? With a wisdom beyond her years, she answered: "It is mostly used for purposes of exploration."

Keep a watchful eye upon current literature in order to know what had best be avoided. Keep some books out of the house. It is related in a recent Review, that a gentleman connected with the English Government in India, went into his library (he lived in Calcutta) to get a book. As he took it from the shelf he felt a sharp prick on the end of his finger. He thought some care-less reader had placed a pin within the leaves for a mark. Presently, however his force for a mark. Presently, however, his finger began to swell, then his barm, then his body, and not long afterward he died in agony. It was not a pin, but a small and deadly snake peculiar to the country, that lay within those pages. There are serpents, too, in the books that many are reading now-a-days. They lie colled away and out of sight. But as the pages are fingered the sting will be felt. Let certain books alone. The naked indecencies of Zola, with their brutal and repulsive realism, are not half so dangerous as are the draped nastiness, the refined innuendoes, the legant libertinism of some more reputable writers. If you would not be morally poisoned look out for the serpents among the books.

Appended is a list of "particular Patrons' in the Roman Catholic Communion: St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, is the patron of the universal church. St. Paneras is the patron of childhood. St. Aloysius is the patron of youth, purity

nd students. St. Agues is the patron of maidens. St. Monica is the patron of matrons. St. Maxima is the patron of virgins and ives. St. Vincent de Paul is the patron of charities. St. Camillus of Lellis is the patron of hos-

pitals.
St. Sabine is invoked against gout and rheu-St. Apollonia is invoked against toothache. St. Benedict Joseph Labre is invoked against

lightning. St. Roch is invoked against contagious dis-St. Barbara is invoked for the last sacraments St. Blase prevents and cures sore throats. St. Sebastian is the patron of soldiers. St. Hubert is the patron of hunters. St. Thomas Aquimas is the patron of schools

The "Mission" Church is legitimate or il-The "Mission" Church is legitimate or illegitimate according to circumstances. It is legitimate if the "mission" be planted in a quarter of the city where there is the promise of growth and the final evolution of a self-supporting church. It is illegitimate if it be intended to remain a "mission," in which the socially tabooed and outcast poor, who are not wanted in the home church, may pick up crumbs of the bread of life. Many "missions" are the reserved seats of inferiority. They at once create and advertise caste. Such places might do in Europe, but they are un-American. They certainly misrepresent the religion of the carpenter's son, of whom it is recorded that "the common people heard him gladly," and whose earliest and honored disciples were the poor and miserable and blind gramy, and whose earness and nonored dis-ciples were the poor and miserable and blind and naked. Imagine St. Peter in Jerusalem as building a cathedral for the accommodation of Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and that ex-clusive set, and then huddling up a "mission" for Mary Magdalene and blind Bartimæus.

Readers of these columns are well aware that pessimism finds no place here. Nevertheless, let us not ignore certain lamentable and ominous facts. Among such facts the most serious is the gradually widening gulf in all large cities between the churches and the industrial classes. In London 1,000,000 of the population never go to church. In New York 400,000 are non-church goers. In Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, probably one-half of the citizens are not seen in the house of God, save at an occasional funeral or wedding—never at public worship. The respectable and wealthy classes are usually supporters of and attendants upon some church. But the "masses" as distinguished from the "classes" are largely unchurched. The causes are manifold. One cause is a method of church sustentation which directly ministers to pride, and encourages exclusiveness and exposes poverty to needless humiliation. It is not the least objection to the pew-renting system that it emphasizes class distinctions and keeps those apart whom it is the very purpose of the gospel to draw together. "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." A more Christian method of finance should be adopted in the churches. Even so, there would be no eager rush of the multitude to the churches. But one obstacle would be removed. "The common people" might come if they would. Now they neither can nor will. hat pessimism finds no place here. Never

Reader, through the week it is difficult t get your ear. If you are a man you rush away to busines, and are absorbed in watch-ing or helping to inspire the great move-ments that pant across the continent and

ments that pant across the continent and throb through the ocean and feel around the globe with telegraphic nerves. If you are a woman the household, shopping, society, occupy the time.

Bull this is Sunday. Now there is a chance for a "still small voice" to be heard. Listen, then. Is it not true that the prevalent style of living is absurd? Are not the standards of modern family life impeachable on the ground of outrageous extravagance? Do you not take part day after day in a furious strile for precedence? Is there not a battle, as someone ex-

bresses it, of chairs and mirrors and plate and equipage? Does not the average home find itself turned into a Parisian toysbop, absorbing the price of a good farm in the ornaments of a parlor, and hanging up a judge's salary in a single chandeller? Are you not racing with yourself, and with everybody else, to keep up appearances? Does not this endeavor spoil your temper, deplete your purse and kill your enjoyment? Could shything be more rhiculeous? Was it more fatal to morals and manners? In the hurry and preoccupation of a great city, who cares whether you keep up appearances? Why not live according to your condition and means? Is it right to exhaust your time and money in this social rivalry of lace and brocade and gilding and fresco, so that you cannot spars an bour or a dollar for benevolence? Can you justify this lifting the pinnacies of your exuberant selfishness out of the dreary sea of hunger and despair which surges around you? Is easy self-indulgence the "chief end" of the modern man and woman? Was Cain commended when he asked "Am I my brother's keeper?" Madam, does not the social pace you are traveling at keep your husband chained like a galley stars to the oars of business, so that he has neither thought nor opportunity for the cultivation of his social nature—scarcely knows his own children—has become almost a stranger to his own wife? Sir, does not the condition of things in your home—the extravagance—the meretricious atmosphere—the apoplectic superfluity—the theatrical glitter—find its warrant in your sufferance? Would it not conduce to your comfort to-day, and your prospericy to-morrow, to ery a halt along the tumultuous march?

Sir and madam, when you have answered these questions, we will return to the social catechism.

In America, everybody says that all mea are equal, and everybody is afraid they will be.

will be.

True democracy is the social synonym of Christianity.

It is easy to find reasons why other folks should be patient.

Heaven only knows what would become of our sociality if we never visited people we speak ill of; we should live, like Egyptian hermits, in crowded solitude.—George Etiot.

"How is it," asks Thackeray, on one of his most characteristic pages, "that the evil which men say spreads so widely and last so long, while our good, kind words don't seem somehow to take root and bear blossoms? Certain it is that scandal is good brisk talk, whereas praise of one's neighbor is by no means lively hearing. An acquaintance grilled, scored, deviled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite; whereas a slice of cold friend, with currant jelly, is but a sickly, unrelishing meat."

"Truth is stranger than fiction"—and it takes some people a long time to feel at home with it.

Your pastor is subject to frequent fits of despondency. Of course he is. So much to do—so few to dc it. So many who need asdo—so few to do it. So many who need as-sistance—the supplies so hard to come at, and so difficult to dispense with equity. He finds human nature in himself and in other people so stubborn, so innately, so sivly selfish, that he is driven to his knees a dozen times a day. A team of archangels is insufficient to drag the world, the flesh and the devil out of the slongh.

drag the world, the flesh and the devil out of the slough.

There is no man who so much needs the kindly consideration, the cordial co-operation, the unshaken confidence of the parish. Love your pastor. Sympathize with him. Pray for him, Work at his side. And remember he is but a man. If he were perfect, he would not be the minister of your church!

It is the wise remark of a popular writer, who keeps his ears and eyes open, that this is to be permanently a nation of cities. The Atlantic slope is already urban. The day is not far distant when the shores of the great lakes and the valley of the Mississippi will rival in the number and magnificence of their cities the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates when the civilization of the East dazzled at the

when the civilization of the East dazzled at the zenith.

The same author reminds us that already the cities dictate to the towns and villages. Through their pulpits, benevolent organizations and religious newspapers they originate and express the convictions of the churches. Through their great dailies they dominate in politics. Through their markets, importers, banks, exchanges they dictate financially. Through architecture they shape the farmer's house. Through horticulture and landscape gardening they improve the appearance of every hamlet, and increase the value of every hamlet, and increase the value of every farm. City views, customs, influence are predominant.

Now, since this is so, it becomes essential to school and guard morals and manners in the great centers. If Christian civilization is to be saved or lost there, the churches should imitate Napoleon, Moltke, Grant, and concentrate their choicest and heaviest batallions at the exposed point and at the critical instant. Why, the apostles acted on this truth—showed their superb ecclesiastical generalship. Peter and Paul singled out the cities of their age and sought to evangelize them, knowing that this was the surest and speedlest way to capture the country.

Every honest dollar contributed and spent,

the country.

Every honest dollar contributed and spent,

Every honest dollar contributed and spent, every gracious deed wrought in the name and spirit of the Nazarene, every saintly example bequeathed, every wise plan matured and put in operation in our cities, becomes a mis-

in operation in our cities, becomes a missionary, and journeys north, south, east, west, on tireless errands of instruction and good will. What an inducement and incentive is here to arouse the enthusiasm and inspire the enterprise of Christias people in the city. Writing to the Ephesians, St. Paul exhorts them to "give thanks always for all things unto God." He should seem one of the least likely of men to say such a thing. For he had it hard. He lived under for he had it hard. He lived under the frown of his epoch, and died a martyr. Yet this was no exceptional outburst no thanks-giving choral. It was his habitual utterance. Listen to him: "Being revilled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we en-treat. We are troubled on every side, yet not

spair."

It was not for a spirit of contentment with the existing state of things that the apostle pleaded. He was not an optimist. He was a revolutionist. No man ever more heartily recognized the necessity of constant and painstaking effort. But he cultivated the habit of looking on the hopeful side of life.

There are two sides to everything—a worse side and a better side; a side of discipline and a side of mercy. Neither should be ignored. But the chronic tendency of the race is to look morbidly on the untoward side of human ex-

orbidly on the untoward side of hu morbidly on the untoward side of human ex-perience and to complain rather than give thanks. Get out of the shadow. Get into the sunshine. Live on a Southern exposure. Sweeten toil with hope. Recognize your mer-cies. Things are seldom so bad that they could not be worse. Imitate the woman who, when she fell down stairs and broke her arm, thanked God it was not her neck

A SOUTHERN HUSTLER.

A Georgia Sheriff Follows His Man From

Atlanta to Michigan. Mr. J. W. Herron, the High Sheriff at Atlanta, Ga., is a very little man with a very big hat, a genial smile and a shot gun. He wears his badge of office, which is as big as a pie pan, upon the lapel of his coat so that all may recognize him before any accident might happen. He was at the Union depot yesterday on his way home from Michigan, where he and a posse had captured a murderer named Geo. Perkins. The posse had followed the prisoner from Georgia for five days and nights. He is now on his way to Georgia. Sheriff Herron had business near this city and left his posse.

A BOON to Housewives.



The farmer and working man who have been out in the mud all day can wash their boots clean before entering the flouse. They will be Soft, Polished and Dry, if dressed with

Saves Sweeping and Scrubbing. The boots will wear a great deal longer, will not got stiff and hard in snow water or rain, and will be WATERPROOF. Ladles, try it, and insist that your husband and sons uso it. One a week for Gents' Shoes and once a month for Ladles'. naled as a Harness Dressingar